

The Mirror

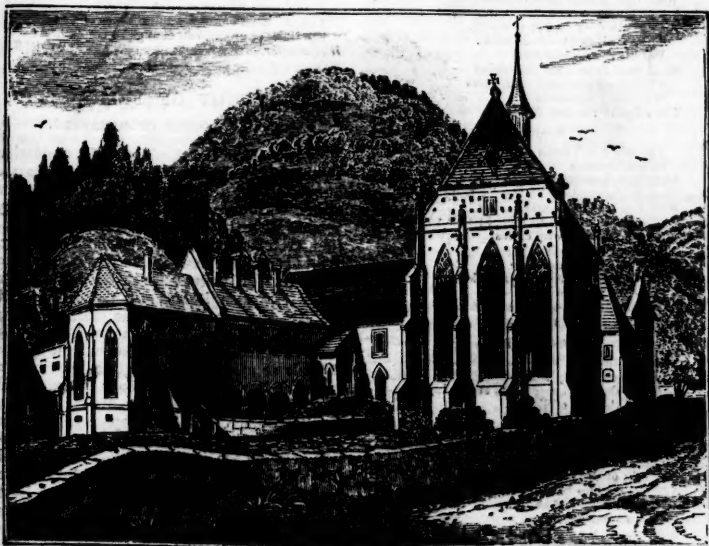
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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CONVENT AND CHURCH OF NEUBERG,
IN STYRIA.

THE buildings of the now suppressed Convent of Neuberg, in Upper Styria, are situated at about an equal distance—six posts—from the towns of Vienna and Gratz, in a vale enclosed by a range of mountains, the highest point of which, the *Windberg* or Mountain of the Wind, rises to the height of six thousand feet above the Mediterranean. This spacious edifice, formerly inhabited by the monastic community, has suffered but few changes, and is at present tenanted by the workmen employed in the neighbouring mines.

The Convent Church is a venerable edifice, built in a simple yet dignified style, of an oblong square, without any projection—a plan very rarely selected. It was erected by the Emperor Frederic IV., about the year 1460; and the name of this prince, together with the initials of his motto, A. E. I. O. U., (*Austria erit in orbe ultima*), frequently occur in the interior. The limits of this sketch preclude an enumeration of the objects of ancient art, which render a visit to it so gratifying to the amateur.

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The monastery of Neuberg was founded, and monks of the order of Citeaux, (Bernardine monks) introduced by Otto Jucundus, Duke of Austria, sixth son of the Emperor Albert I., in the year 1327. After having most richly endowed his foundation, this Prince selected it for the place of burial for his family; and his consort, Elizabeth of Bavaria, was the first person there sepulchred. In the year 1338, his second wife, Anne of Bohemia, was also there entombed; and in the same year the Duke himself. The funeral rites were performed with unusual splendour.

In 1782, the Monastery was, with many others, suppressed by order of the Emperor Joseph II.

The parish church of Neuberg, and the chapel of St. Anne, though greatly inferior in beauty and size to the convent church, will engage the traveller's attention for some time. The latter is converted into the *atelier* of a blacksmith, and contains some interesting relics of stained glass.

WILLIAM DE RALLY.

THE SONG OF MAY.

Strophe I.

I WILL loosen the chains,
And the silver reins,
Of the snow-king asleep by his fountain;
That, girt with his streams,
And blazing with beams,
He may prance down the perilous mountain.
And the beautiful cups of the lilies pale,
With their golden petals spreading,
Shall pant for his gush in the balmy vale,
As a virgin doth for her wedding.
They shall meet—shall meet!
For his snow-white feet
Shall start from their long delay:—
They shall wed, and shall bless
With their loveliness
The reign of the rosy May.

Strophe II.

The oak I will dress
In a wilderness
Of foliage, lover-screening:
And deep in the shade of his goodly boughs,
With lips like dew-bathed roses,
Sweet maidens shall sigh to their rustic's vows,
When the village revel closes.
And Age shall relate
How he danced and ate
With those in the church-yard clay,
Once the fair and free,
'Neath that self same tree,
In the reign of the rosy May.

Strophe III.

Even cities don
Shall partake my sun,
Through shattered casements streaming,
Where the Son of Toil,
With an olden smile,
Of his school-boy days is dreaming;
And when he awakes to the conscious world,
The bright ideas haunting,
He shall talk of the wilds where the woodbines curled,
And the poppies bright were flaunting:
And, stricken and shrunk,
Like a blasted trunk
Still bare in the woodland gays,
Shall forget his care
In the bloom-charmed air,
And the reign of the rosy May!
Islington.

JOHN OVERTON.

SONNET TO * * *.

WITHIN the deep recesses of my heart
Thou art enshrined, forming, in truth, a part
Of mine own being, yea, the life, the soul,
Which lights, inspires, and animates the whole.
Thou art not near me, yet o'er every acre,
In every place, thine image reigns supreme;
And still thine eyes, with their soft, holy light,
Seem beaming on me: eyes so dark, so bright,
So eloquent, each glance with language fraught
To tell the heart's unspoken wish and thought.
Oh! thou art pure and good, and when on high
Thy spirit wings its flight, thy memory
Shall live, and thou a richer meed shalt claim
Than all that wait on power, or wealth, or fame,
For hearts like thine, so full of truth, might raise
A never-ending sunset in their praise.
Not that I think thou would'st, if choice were thine,
Rejoice in praise, or for thy good deeds shine;
For thy retiring spirit seeks to hide
Those virtuous acts which form another's pride.
But there are gems well e'en their beauty show,
Though gloom enshroud them, still with lustre glow.
So doth the saint-like meekness of thy spirit
Enhance the value of thy worth and merit.
Oft doth a voice, which fancy tunes to thine,
Break on this eager, listening ear of mine:
And I could love the speaker for the tone
Which bears the least resemblance to thine own.

Enchanting Hope will sometimes on me smile,
With her delusive voice will charm a-while,
And whisper promises, so sweet, so fair,
And picture scenes of bliss with thee to share;
But there are moments of deep grief and woe,
The heart is wrung, and sorrow dims the brow;
Then dark, dark shadows o'er my spirit come,
Bringing sad thoughts of thee, my dear-lov'd one.
But whether joy or sorrow, mine to prove,
Nought can estrange my steadfast, fervent love:
Each power of memory must fade, ere I
Forget the music of thy voice or sigh,
And life must close, my spirit hence depart,
Ere time, or aught, can change so true a heart.
Westminster.

M. E. S.

THE KNIGHT OF FELSENSTEIN,

OR, THE DONJON OF KRONBERG.

Few, who have found pleasure in wandering
among the ruined castles that decorate the
banks of the Rhine, can fail to have been
struck with one main feature, which is so very
prominent that it could scarcely escape at-
tention, even from the most superficial observer.
I allude to the peculiar construction of the
dungeon. It is situated, usually, in an inner
court, of which it occupies the centre, and
consists of a circular pit, the sides of which
are smoothly faced with stone, and the whole
covered with a dome. At the summit of this
dome is an aperture just large enough to allow
room for lowering the prisoner into what, in
nearly every case, is to be his last earthly
dwelling place, and for supplying him with
his daily food. This is the only communica-
tion between the inmates of the dungeon and
the world without. It serves both as door
and as window, admitting but so much light
as will remind the prisoner of what he has
lost, and barely sufficient to afford exit to the
noisome vapours that arise within, from the
mouldering corpses of those who have there
found within the same walls a prison, a sick
bed, and a grave.

Such were the cells used by the old knights
of the Rhine for securing their more formida-
ble adversaries; no man who entered one of
these, need hope that he would leave it alive.
A powerful enemy (and, in those days of strife,
who was without one!) if haply he fell into the
knight's power, was here secured from the
commission of further injury; in short, any
one worthy of the knight's highest displeasure
was, when occasion permitted, consigned to
this sepulchre of the living.

In such a dungeon as this, belonging to the
Castle of Kronberg, among the living, the
dying, and the dead, stood the Knight of Fel-
senstein.

The circumstances which led to his captivity
may be briefly mentioned. Whilst he himself
was absent on military duties, his castle had
been attacked and plundered, and his daughter
carried off by Otto of Kronberg. To
avenge this insult and recover his daughter,
the knight had waged against Otto an unsuc-
cessful war, the result of which was his own
capture, after a brave struggle against num-

bers, and his incarceration in the dungeon in which we have already seen him.

The Knight of Felsenstein was noble and generous, and, although now trampled upon by injustice, he never ceased to trust in the mercy of that all-wise providence which seemed for the time to have deserted him. To His protection he now commended his oppressed daughter; for her, his heart rose in aspiration above the unseen skies; yes—the mail-clad form that seemed so proud and so invincible was prostrated to the dust, and the spirit that dwelt within it was pleading at the Mercy-seat.

The fervent prayer at an end, the rough warrior arose, and, seating himself on the floor, beside the dungeon wall, watched the small patch of sky that was visible above the entrance-hole; he had been seated thus some time, his eyes still fixed on the same spot, while his mind wandered freely over space, when suddenly, and but for a moment, an object above darkened his cell, and something white fell upon the stones before him; he picked it up,—it was his daughter's scarf—and on opening it, a paper fell to the ground, on which was written, in hastily-formed characters, the single sentence:—"Watch to-night."

It would be an almost endless task to recount the various conjectures to which this event gave rise in the mind of the Knight of Felsenstein—the reader may well picture them to himself—suffice it to say, that the knight resolved to be guided by the mysterious injunction—that night he watched.

It was clear and starlight; a bright star shone mildly even into the lonesome dungeon, and seemed to speak of hope,—but time wore on. Already had the captive assured himself that this was but a device of the enemy, to kill him by disappointed expectation, when the silent tread as of a number, and soft whispers were heard above. This, then, was the aid he had been led to anticipate, release was at hand. But soon the stillness of the night was broken, the stealthy step was replaced by the hard trampling of men in strife, cries of battle were heard; they lasted awhile, then died away; next followed tones of entreaty, command, and expostulation, presently hurried steps approached the entrance to his prison, and another victim was lowered down—it was a female form. No sooner had it reached the ground than a cry of anger was heard above, and the rope which had supported her, fell, bearing upon it, bleeding and severed from the arm, the hand by which it had been supported. Sounds of command and contention were again audible, then the tread of departing feet, and once more all was still, while the mild star poured its light on the form of the scarce-breathing lady.

Marvelling at the cruelty that could have induced his enemy to wreak such fearful vengeance on a defenceless woman, the Knight of Felsenstein approached his new companion;

her face was concealed by a veil, he put it aside, and there—as though chiselled in the whitest marble—he beheld the features of his daughter—his Margaret!—mingled feelings of horror, fear, and gratitude struggled in his bosom; horror that she should have been consigned to a fate so fearful; fear, lest the escape for which he daily hoped should never be effected; and gratitude to God that, whatever her future destiny, she had been delivered safely from the power of her persecutor. With anxiety such as a father only can feel, when tending an only and heroic child, that suffers for her piety—the knight tried each means that his limited ability and rough tenderness could suggest, to revive his drooping daughter; and here awhile, let us leave father and child, to inquire into the circumstances that thus strangely brought them together.

It is not improbable that these have been already anticipated by the reader, but since it is required of the historian to clear up doubt wherever it by possibility exists, it will be necessary that the events of the early part of this night be more thoroughly explained. We have already said that the fair Margaret had been stolen by Kronberg from her home, and that it was in attempting her rescue that the Knight of Felsenstein forfeited his liberty! but with liberty he lost not the esteem which characters such as his, raise in the minds of men; and there existed without the walls of Castle Kronberg a band of brave men, ready, with but the slightest hope of success, to attempt the good knight's rescue. With these, Margaret had found means to correspond, she had concerted a plan by which they were to be admitted secretly into the castle, and bear away her father; a night had been fixed for the enterprise—we have seen how she warned her father to be watchful, lest the opportunity should be lost, and we have seen also the result of the rash attempt; the particulars it is needless to specify, from what has been said above, the reader will have gained a sufficient knowledge of them.

Let us once more return to the inmates of the dungeon.

The attempts of the Knight of Felsenstein to recover his daughter were not unrewarded, if that labour may be said to be rewarded, which restores a pure and guileless soul to a life of misery. Margaret knew her father, and wept—not for her own state—of that she never thought, but that her dear father should be thus reduced through her; that he, the generous, the brave, should be shut up from a world in which he played so noble a part—the thought was beyond endurance, and Margaret wept afresh; then she saw that her father was pained at her grief, and she suppressed it—seemed gay—poor heart! in the midst of misery, so near death, could she affect hope and gaiety to comfort a father—she could, and in the success of her efforts was she rewarded.

Her father talked of escape—she smiled and spoke of it too, but the only escape of which

she thought, was that of her pure spirit from a world of pain; and then she thought of what her father would feel when he beheld her corpse, and sorrowed, as still she sweetly smiled, when her father spoke of hope.

Poor Margaret! thy piety shall not go unrewarded!

Fully occupied with the schemes that his sanguine mind suggested, and in the obscurity of their loathsome den, the knight perceived no this daughter's approaching dissolution, he spoke of the days when her strength should be restored, that then she would be able to assist him in carrying out his designs, but now she was too weak—too weak! The daughter dared not undeceive him, and add new misery to a heart already overloaded; and so the time passed on, until one morning, on awaking from a short and broken sleep, he found his daughter—dead!

What tongue shall tell, what pen shall write the sorrow of the bereaved father; the humble historian dares not to dwell on a scene so thrilling—the knight threw himself on the body of his Margaret—called her—Margaret! Margaret! till the stone dungeon rang again, but she answered him not, and then he felt that she was really dead! A sudden reaction now took place—he started to his feet, and, over the lifeless body of his daughter uttered a vow of vengeance, fearfully to be executed. Then, kneeling, he closed her eyes, and covered up, with the scarf she had thrown to him before the night of her ill-fated attempt, the remains of her who had so loved him, whom he had so loved; a few more tears were dedicated to her memory—and he rose, a desperate man, to seek at once for the means of escape—he took the rope by which his daughter had been lowered into the dungeon, and which he had obtained in a manner already mentioned, and now looked up to the entrance to see if there were ought to which he could throw and fix it. The foresight of some among his friends, probably the same one who had so unexpectedly provided him with the cord, had caused a strong nail to be fixed, while unnoticed, during the heat of the conflict, immediately within the aperture; so as to be invisible from above. On this, after many unsuccessful efforts, the knight succeeded in fixing his rope, and then, at great peril, safely ascended into the open air; he now, lest suspicion should be excited, threw back the cord, and stood free in the castle court;—but he was discovered!

A soldier on guard approached him, he had witnessed his escape, but, being disaffected towards Otto, his master, not only forbore from giving the alarm, but also guided him safely out of the castle.

Let us hurry quickly over the day of vengeance:—The Knight of Felsenstein no sooner appeared among his followers, and told them his sufferings, than he found himself at the head of a comparatively powerful and desperate army. With this he attacked the Castle

of Kronberg, took it, put its owner to the sword, and laid it in ruins.

The unfortunate Margaret was taken from the dungeon, and buried with her ancestors—and it was not a month after, ere her father was placed beside her, the last of the house of Felsenstein.

H. A. L.

PEARLS OF PROSE.

Dear Content.

DREAM not of the highest seats in the halls of princes, of power, and magnificence and successful ambition:—Let your visions be rather of a happiness which can be enjoyed in the narrow cell, or under the greenwood tree—which belongs to ourselves, and is a part of nature. Let the only pageantries which give joy to your fancy, be the good man's natural garnitures, the bounty of the world to all, its skies, and woods, and rivers, and the symbols and triumphs of serene affections.

Sudden Love.

Walter blushed beneath that brilliant gaze, and felt a shower of light and love flung from it on his heart. The radiance of another day seemed to dwell upon her brow: the glory of an unseen sun seemed resting on her countenance. Never till that moment had the stern, proud spirit of the aspiring youth been humbled or confused.

Virtuous Shame.

Let us hide our imperfections by greater virtues: Julius Cæsar being bald, covered that defect by laurels.—*Savage.*

Perils and Privileges of Learning.

Learning raises up against us many enemies among the low, and more among the powerful; yet does it invest us with grand and glorious privileges, and confers on us largeness of beatitude.—*Landon.*

Love.—Words of love are works of love.

Moments of Melody.

I remember once strolling along the margin of a stream, in one of those low, sheltered valleys on Salisbury Plain, where the monks of former ages had planted chapels, and built hermit's cells. There was a little parish-church near, but tall elms and quivering alders hid it from my sight, when, all on a sudden, I was startled by the sound of the full organ pealing on the ear, accompanied by rustic voices, and the willing quire of village maids and children. It rose, indeed, "like an exhalation of rich distilled perfumes." The dew from a thousand pastures was gathered in its softness; the silence of a thousand years spoke in it. It came upon the heart like the calm beauty of death: fancy caught the sound, and faith mounted on it to the skies. It filled the valley like a mist, and still poured out its endless chaunt, and still it swells upon the ear, and wraps me in a golden trance, drowning the noisy tumult of the world!—*Hazlitt.*

The Humbleness of Wisdom.

The lowliest heart is ever nearest God: and so it was with the good Bernard Gilpin. He found much gladness among books, much study in the fields, and more among men. The more he understood of them, the less he shunned them; and the more clear became his consciousness of his own nature, the more he learned to revere the ideal of humanity. The rich thought him strange, but the poor knew him to be kindly; and while some conceived his mind to be filled only with trivial knowledge won from our common earth, there were many who felt it to be a treasure-house, filled with living symbols of joy and heaven-minded meditations, and overflowing with wealth on all the world.

ON THE

EYES OF VOLTAIRE—CHATHAM—AND BURNS.

VOLTAIRE.

LE KAIN thus paints his interview with him:—"Ce que Je ne pourrai jamais peindre, c'est ce qui se passa dans mon âme à la vue de cet homme dont les yeux étincelaient de feu, d'esprit, et d'imagination. En lui adressant la parole, je me sentis pénétré de respect, d'enthousiasme, et de crainte."

Le Comte de Segur thus describes him:—"His leanness bore witness to his long incessant labours; his ancient and peculiar dress reminded me of the last remaining witness of the age of Louis XIV.; the historian of that age, and the immortal painter of Henry IV. His piercing eyes sparkled with genius and sarcasm; in it might be traced the fire of the tragic poet, the author of *Œdipus*, and of *Mahomet*, the profound thinker, the ingenious and satiric novelist, the severe and penetrating observer of human nature, while his thin and bending form seemed nothing more than a slight envelope, almost transparent, through which beamed his genius and his soul."

Marmontel thus expresses himself: "*Adieux touchans de la dernière soirée passé à Ferney: personne ne disoit les vers familiers et comiques avec autant de naturel, de finesse, et de grâce; ses yeux et son sourire avoient une expression que Je n'ai vue qu'à lui. Hélas! c'étoit pour moi le chant du cygne, et Je ne devois plus le revoir qu'expirant. Nos adieux mutuels furent attendris jusqu'aux larmes, mais beaucoup plus de mon côté que du sien.*" Marmontel afterwards viewed him a few days before his death.

Madame de Genlis:—"All the busts and portraits of him, that I have seen, are extremely like him; but no artist has fully expressed the eyes. I expected to find them keen, and full of fire, and they were certainly the liveliest I ever saw; but they also had something indescribably soft and tender in their expression—the whole soul of *Zaire* was expressed in them."

Another biographer thus describes him:—"His visage is meagre, his aspect ardent and penetrating, and there is a malignant quickness in his eye: the same fire that animates his works appears in his actions, which are lively; he is a kind of meteor, perpetually coming and going, with a quick motion, and a sparkling light that dazzles our eyes."

Dr. Burney's visit to Ferney is too interesting to be omitted:—"I had heard that some English had lately met with a rebuff, by going without any letter of recommendation, or anything to recommend themselves. He asked them what they wanted! Upon their replying they wished only to see so extraordinary a man, he said,—'Well, gentlemen, you now see me—did you take me for a wild beast, or monster, that was fit only to be stared at as a show?' This story very much frightened me; for not having any intention of going to Geneva, when I left London, or even Paris, I was quite unprovided with a recommendation: however, I was determined to see the place of his residence, which I took to be

Cette maison d'Aristippe, ces jardins d'Epicure;

to which he retired in 1755, but was mistaken. I drove to it alone. I approached it with reverence, and a curiosity of the most minute kind. I inquired *when* I first trod on his domain; I had an intelligent and talkative postillion, who answered all my questions very satisfactorily. We drove to Ferney, through a charming country covered with corn and vines, in view of the lake and mountains of Gex, Switzerland, and Savoy. I sent to inquire whether a stranger might be allowed to see the house and gardens, and was answered in the affirmative. A servant soon came and conducted me into the cabinet, or closet, where his master had just been writing, which is never shown when he is at home; but having walked out, I was allowed that privilege. From thence I passed to the library, which is not a very large one, but well filled. The servant told me his master was seventy-eight, but very well. '*Il travaille,*' said he, '*pendant dix heures chaque jour.*' He studies ten hours every day; writes constantly without spectacles, and walks out with only a domestic, often a mile or two.—'*Et la viola, là bas!*'—and see, yonder, where he is. He was going to his workmen. My heart leaped at the sight of so extraordinary a man. He had just then quitted his garden, and was crossing the court before his house. Seeing my chaise, and me on the point of mounting it, he made a sign to his servant, who had been my *cicerone*, to go to him, in order, I suppose, to inquire who I was. After they had exchanged a few words together, he approached the place where I stood motionless, in order to contemplate his person as much as I could when his eyes were turned from me; but on seeing him move towards me, I found myself drawn by some irresistible power towards him; and without knowing what I did, I instantly met him halfway. It is not easy to conceive it possible for

life to subsist in a form so nearly composed of mere skin and bone, as that of M. de Voltaire. He complained of decrepitude, and said he supposed I was curious to form an idea of the figure of one walking after death. However, his eyes and whole countenance are still full of fire; and though so emaciated, a more lively expression cannot be imagined."

Dr. Moore, in his manly and generous remarks on M. de Voltaire, thus describes his personal appearance—"The first idea which has presented itself to all who have attempted a description of his person, is that of a skeleton. In as far as this implies excessive leanness, it is just; but it must be remembered, that this skeleton, this mere composition of skin and bone, has a look of more spirit and vivacity than is generally produced by flesh and blood, however blooming and youthful. The most piercing eyes I ever beheld are those of Voltaire, now in his eightieth year. His whole countenance is expressive of genius, observation, and extreme sensibility. In the morning he has a look of anxiety and discontent; but this gradually wears off, and after dinner he seems cheerful; yet an air of irony never entirely forsakes his face, but may always be observed lurking in his features, whether he frowns or smiles."

LORD CHATHAM.

Lord Chesterfield thus speaks of this distinguished man:—"His eloquence was of every kind, and he excelled in the argumentative as well as in the declamatory way. But his invectives were terrible, and uttered with such energy of diction, and stern dignity of action and countenance, that he intimidated those who were the most willing, and the best able, to encounter him."

Sir W. C. Trelawney said:—"It was impossible for the members of the side opposed to him in the House of Commons to look him in the face when he was warmed in debate: he seemed to bid them all a haughty defiance. For my own part," said Trelawney, "I never dared cast my eyes towards his, for if I did, *they nailed me to the floor.*"

Smollett said:—"He displayed such irresistible energy of argument, and such power of elocution, as struck his hearers with astonishment and admiration. It flashed like the lightning of heaven against the ministers and sons of corruption, blasting where it smote, and withering the nerves of opposition; but his more substantial praise was founded upon his disinterested integrity, his incorruptible heart, his unconquerable spirit of independence, and his invariable attachment to the interest and liberty of his country."

Another biographer thus mentions him:—"His elevated aspect commanded the awe and mute attention of all who beheld him, whilst a certain grace in his manner, conscious of all the dignities of his situation, of the solemn scene he acted in, as well as his own exalted character, seemed to acknowledge and repay

the respect he received; his venerable form, bowed with infirmity and age, but animated by a mind which nothing could subdue; his spirit shining through him, arming his eye with lightning, and clothing his lips with thunder; or, if milder topics offered, harmonizing his countenance in smiles, and his voice in softness, for the compass of his powers was infinite. As no idea was too vast, no imagination too sublime, for the grandeur and majesty of his manner, so no fancy was too playful, nor any allusion too comic, for the ease and gaiety with which he could accommodate to the occasion. But the character of his oratory was dignity; this presided in every respect, even to his sallies of pleasantry."

Other anonymous biographers thus speak of him:—"His piercing eye withered the nerves, and looked through the souls of his opponents. His countenance was stern, and the voice of thunder sat upon his lips."

"He was born with all the graces of the orator, and possessed every requisite to bespeak respect and even awe. A manly figure and penetrating look, fixed attention and commanded reverence; and the keen lightning of his eye spoke the high spirit of his soul, even before the lips had begun utterance. The most fluent and ready orators have shrunk back appalled from his all-powerful eloquence."

"Those who have been witnesses to the wonders of his eloquence, who have listened to the music of his voice, or trembled at its majesty; who have seen the persuasive gracefulness of his action, or have felt its force; those who have caught the flame of eloquence from his eye, who have rejoiced at the glories of his countenance, or shrunk from his frowns, will remember the resistless power with which he impressed conviction."

"His figure was manly, his countenance full of expression; and the keen lightning of his eyes declared the fiery and vigorous soul from which it proceeded. His looks were fascinating."

Butler, in his *Reminiscences*, thus speaks of him:—"No person in his external appearance was ever more bountifully gifted by nature for an orator. In his look and his gesture, grace and dignity were combined, but dignity preceded; the 'terrors of his beak, the lightning of his eye,' were insufferable. His lowest whisper was distinctly heard; his middle tones were sweet, rich, and beautifully varied; when he elevated his voice to its highest pitch, the house was completely filled with the volume of the sound. The effect was awful, except when he wished to cheer or animate; he then had spirit-stirring notes, which were perfectly irresistible."

Lord Brougham thus alludes to his fame as an orator:—"All accounts concur in representing those effects to have been prodigious. The spirit and vehemence which animated his greater passages—their perfect application to the subject matter of debate—the appositeness of his invective to the individual assailed

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—the boldness of the feats which he ventured upon—the grandeur of the ideas which he unfolded—the heart-stirring nature of his appeals—are all confessed by the united testimony of all his contemporaries; and the fragments which remain bear out to a considerable extent such representations; nor are we likely to be misled by those fragments, for the more striking portions were certainly the ones least likely to be either forgotten or fabricated. To these mighty attractions was added the imposing, the animating, the commanding power of a countenance singularly expressive; an eye so piercing that hardly any could stand its glare; and a manner altogether singularly striking, original, and characteristic. . . . In his earlier time, his whole manner is represented as having been beyond conception, animated and imposing. Indeed, the things which he effected by it principally, or at least which nothing but a most striking and commanding tone could have made it possible to attempt, almost exceed belief."

Mr. Wilks, one of his ardent and spirited admirers, thus speaks of him:—"He was born an orator, and from nature, possessed every outward requisite to bespeak respect, and even awe; a manly figure, with the eagle eye of the famous Condé, fixed your attention, and almost commanded reverence the moment he appeared; and the keen lightning of his eye spoke the high respect of his soul before his lips had pronounced a syllable. There was a kind of fascination in his look when he eyed any one askance; nothing could withstand the force of that contagion; the fluent Murray has faltered,—and even Fox shrunk back from an adversary fraught "with fire unquenchable," if I may borrow the expression of Milton. He had not the sweetness of language so striking in the great Roman orator, but he had the *verba ardentia*,—glowing words."

BURNS.

Sir Walter Scott, in one of his letters, thus speaks of him:—"As for Burns, I may truly say, *Virgilium vidi tantum*. I saw him one day at the late Professor Ferguson's. The only thing I remember remarkable in Burns's manner, was the effect produced upon him by a print representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one side, on the other his widow with a child in her arms: these lines were written beneath:—

*Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain—
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolv'd in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery baptised in tears.*

Burns seemed much affected by the print, or rather the ideas which it suggested to his mind. He actually shed tears. He asked whose those lines were, and it chanced that nobody but myself remembered that they occur in a half-forgotten poem of Langhorne's, by the unpromising title of 'The Justice of

Peace.' I whispered my information to a friend present, who mentioning it to Burns, he rewarded me with a look and a word, which, though of mere civility, I then received, and still recollect, with very great pleasure. There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments; the eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament—it was large, and of a dark cast, which glowed (I say literally *glowed*,) when he spoke with feeling or interest—I never saw such another eye in a human head, tho' I have seen the most distinguished men of my time."

A biographer, quoted in the *Mirror* of May 2, 1840, thus mentions Burns:—"To estimate the character of Burns with justice, we should have seen him in his happier hours, and should have marked the dignity of his natural deportment, the animation of his eye, and the power of his colloquial language."

S. F.

NAPOLEON'S EXAMINATION OF
A NOBLE YOUTH.*

DURING one period of the consulate, the Abbé Bossu examined the young men to be admitted as students in the Polytechnic School. Though not the only examiner, his *veto* was all-powerful.

One day, when the first consul was about to start on a hunting excursion, the aide-de-camp on duty, as he crossed the court at Malmaison, perceived a *handsome, gentlemanly young man*, leaning against one of the sentry-boxes at the gate, and looking anxiously at the *château*. The aide-de-camp, M. de Lacuée, approached him, and politely asked if he wanted any one. The young man, without looking at the person who addressed him, replied—

"Ah! sir, I have a wish, which every one I have consulted tells me it is impossible to gratify; and yet I shall die if it be not accomplished. I want to speak to the first consul. I tried to obtain admittance into the court, but was repulsed at the gate. I was asked if I had an appointment. An appointment! *I, an appointment!*"

And without casting even a passing glance at M. de Lacuée, the young man again fixed his earnest gaze upon the *château*. Every person acquainted with M. de Lacuée must know that he delights in an adventure; and this youth, with his animated countenance, and voice trembling with emotion, inspired him at once with interest. Again approaching him—

"Well, sir," said he, "and what do you want with the first consul? I can convey to him your request, if it be reasonable. I am the aide-de-camp on duty."

"You, sir!" cried the young man, seizing M. de Lacuée's hand, which he squeezed with transport—"are you the chief consul's aide-

* Related as a fact by the Duchess D'Avranches.

de-camp! Oh! if you knew the service you could render me! Pray, sir, take me to him."

"What do you want of him?"

"I must speak to him!" and he added, in a lower tone of voice, "it is a secret."

Lacué contemplated the youthful petitioner who stood before him with a look of intense eagerness, squeezing the hand he held, as if it were in a vice—his bosom palpitating, and his respiration oppressed; *but his look was pure—it evinced a mind of the noblest stamp.*

"This youth is not dangerous," thought Lacué; and, taking his arm, he led him into the interior court. As they passed the gate, Duroc, accompanied by Junot, arrived from Paris, whither they had gone in the morning. Both were on horseback. They stopped and alighted to speak to Lacué, who related what had just passed between him and the young stranger.

"What!" said Junot and Duroc, "are you going to introduce this young man without even knowing his name?" Lacué confessed he had not asked it. Junot then approached the youth, and observed, that although the first consul was not difficult of access, yet it was necessary he should know the name of the party who required an interview.

The young man blushed.

"True, general," said he, bowing respectfully, but with the ease of a gentleman, and stating his name. "My father has given me an education adapted to the end which both he and I had in view, namely, my admission to the Polytechnic School. Judge, then, general, of his disappointment and of mine, when, on appearing before the Abbé Bossu, whose duty it is to decide whether I am qualified, he refused to examine me, because I had been taught by my father *only*. What matters that (said I), provided I possess the requisite knowledge! But he was inflexible."

"But," said Duroc, in his usual mild and polite manner, "what can the first consul do in such a case! If that be the rule, it must be observed by every candidate; and what can you therefore require of him?"

"That he examine me himself," replied the young man, with the most expressive *naïveté*. "I am sure that if he questions me, he will deem me worthy of becoming one of those youths, of whom he would make officers capable of executing his great conceptions."

The three friends smiled at each other. Duroc and Junot thought with Lacué, that the presence of this young man would be pleasing to the first consul; and Duroc went to him and stated the circumstance.

Napoleon, with that luminous and sweet smile so peculiar to him when he was pleased, said—

"So he wants me to examine him, does he? What could have suggested such an idea to him! It is a strange one!" And he rubbed his chin. "How old is he?" resumed

the first consul, after walking about some time in gracious silence.

"I do not know, general; but he appears about seventeen or eighteen."

"Let him come in."

Duroc introduced the youth, the expression of whose countenance was admirable. The fulness of his joy was vividly and beautifully portrayed in it. His look darted upon the first consul—his whole existence seemed to hang upon the first word Napoleon should utter. I have often observed, but cannot repeat too often, how inconceivably different the countenance of the emperor was from itself, when he had determined upon pleasing. Its beautifully mild expression, at such a time, had an ineffable charm.

"Well, my young man!" said he, advancing with a gracious smile towards the young enthusiast; "you wish to be examined by me?"

The poor lad was so overcome with joy that he could not answer. Napoleon liked neither insolent assurance, nor pusillanimous timidity; but he perceived that the youth before him was silent, *only because the spirit spoke too loud within him.*

"Take time to recover yourself, my child: you are not calm enough to answer me at this moment. I will attend for awhile to some other business, and then we will return to yours."

"Dost thou see that young man?" said the first consul to Junot, taking him into the recess of a window. "If I had a *thousand* like him, the conquest of the world would be but a *promenade*!" And he turned his head to look at the young man, who, absorbed in meditation, was probably preparing his answers to the questions which he supposed would be asked him. In about half an hour, Napoleon began the examination, with the result of which he was completely satisfied.

"And you had no other master than your father?" asked the first consul, in astonishment.

"No, general; but he was a good master, because he was bringing up a citizen to be one day useful to his country, and who might pursue the high destinies which you hold out to it."

Junot told me that they were all surprised at the almost prophetic tone with which the last words were uttered. The first consul in particular seemed much struck by them.

"I will give you a line, my dear child, which shall open for you the gate of the sanctuary," said he, making Junot a sign to write. But suddenly altering his mind, he said—"But no, I will write myself."

And, taking a pen, he wrote a few words, which he delivered to the young man, who, on his arrival at Paris, ran to the Abbé Bossu.

"What do you want here?" said the latter; "there is nothing for you." But the youth held a talisman in his hand. He delivered it to the ungracious priest, who read as follows:

"M. Bossu will admit M. ——. I have myself examined him, and consider him qualified.

NAPOLEON."

* The Duchess D'Angoulême is not certain as to the name, which she believes to be Eugène de Beauharnais.

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Watering-Place Memoirs.



JUNE SCENE FROM THE BACK GARDEN OF AN INN.

Mr. Swinevelt.—Body Comchman to my Lady the Baroness Pork-nfseisch.

Mr. Bow-wow.—My Lord D.'s cynical valet.

Bow-wow. Time o'day to ye, Master Swinevelt! Then you be come to bide alongside of our people; and this here quickset, half choked as it is with sow thistles, be all that parts us: I be jist next door, and am your humble sarvant.

Swinevelt. (With a grunt.) They wants no more sarvants here! Missus goes on like any how, cos o' the herd of domestic kind like as she have already: she wonder how you all manage to pig in this here litter of a lodging-house o' your'n.

B. I bow to her sagacity! I wote she be right. I heer'd what she said to my lord about cratures that were fattening upon her: she said she could a *tail* unfold about some o' the lot. She must have deluded to you, Swiney!

S. As how!

B. Oh! sure, she said one of her set was a great bore [boar]—for ever lounging and lying about the straw-yard,—always asking for more beans, and poking his nose into the wash-tubs.

S. How far are you going to spy into other folks consarns, when you be'n't able to see beyond your own nose, you blind young puppy!

B. Can't say! Jist at this moment I've a spy in both eyes! But, *pauca verba* [pork]—not too fast, Master Swinevelt, or you'll not have your bacon: what though your bristles be up, you'll grunt and grumble to a new one, if you provoke my lady to wring [ring] your nose!

S. What new found land, may I ask, be you come from, that you be so demmd personal! This dogged wit of your'n, Mr. Bow-wow, is only fit for Houndsditch. What does I care for your black stock, or any such vile stock! or for that white collar you be so proud of, though arter all it has dogs' ears on both sides! Don't you be making a point at me, young un! or may be you'll arouse my choler [collar.]

B. From Oxford! or from Canterbury, old chap! That brawny back of yours is getting up!

S. So is the thermometer of your cynical humour. To be sure, I ought to remember we be pretty near the dog days! You seem blown already with the heat. Hold that tongue out a little, and may be you'll get your wind!

B. I wants none from the Sow (south) west, at any rate!

S. No, no, I be bound not: for that ere brings rain; and some of your kidney shirk water, you know: dirty dogs, and be hanged, all of ye!

B. Some parts o' your fat carcass are not worth a curse till they *have* been hung, and become as dirty as the chimney flue.

S. We doesn't hang fire when tried: we doesn't skulk off with our tails between our legs, like some gentry in shaggy jackets! I'd rather be a dead dog in a pond, than live to hear it said that I wasn't worth my salt! I'd rather go to sea, and cut my own throat.

B. Ugh! I dare say you wouldn't feel at all in a pickle to have both your hams in salt water!

S. Your vagabond race may have swum, for aught I know, all the way hither from the Gulf of St. Lawrence: none of ours ever had any passion for brine.

B. "O monstrous beast! How like a swine he lies!"

S. What's that doggrel! A verse of Lord Bacon's, or of Hogg!

B. Neither: It's Stratford Bill's:—I say, Swiney—talking of our ancestors, do you forget that downhill gallop to the water-side, at a place whose name begins with a G.!

S. I know nothing of my aunt's sisters gallopades: I remember one day going down that ere chalk hill to Gosport in Ham—

B. No, no; a denuded deal farther off than that—

S. Oh, you be chaffing about our little upset near the Medway,—aye, at Gad's Hill!

B. Not a bit of it; not Gad's Hill, but Gadard! Devil's in your brain again, Master Swinevelt, if you've no recollection of that marine excursion. Excuse my jocularity! Aha! I'm an odd dog, you know!

S. Every dog has his day; I wish you a very good one, sirrah!

[Disappears from the palings, with a very angry grunt.

B. "CUR oculos habui! CUR noxia lumina feci!"

S. [Behind the palings.]

The hapless hog in pound, the pig in poke,
May squeak in vain! He lives, a standing joke!
(MU.)

DISAPPEARANCE OF THE PEOPLE OF THE FAR-WEST.

THE aborigines of America in both hemispheres are constantly fading before our eyes. . . . Sovereigns, from time immemorial, of the vast territory bestowed upon them by the Almighty, they have been gradually superseded by the usurpers of their soil, until thousands of miles have been so completely dispeopled, that there does not remain a solitary survivor to guard the revered tombs of his ancestors, or to stand among them, the mourner and the representative of the extinguished race. . . . It must be impossible for any just man to witness the setting sun for a moment upon the country known in America by the appellation of "the far-west," without feeling that its blood-red brightness which, in effulgent beams, is seen staining every cloud around it, is but an appropriate emblem of the Indian race, which, rapidly sinking from our view, will be soon involved in impenetrable darkness; and, moreover, that he might as well endeavour to make the setting planet stand still upon the summit of the rocky mountains before him, as attempt to arrest the final extermination of the Indian race; for if,

• Shakspeare.—Catherine and Petruchio.

while the white population of North America before it has swelled into fourteen millions, has, as has actually been the case, reduced an Indian population of nearly fourteen millions to three millions, what must be the progressive destruction of these unfortunate people, now that the dreadful engine which, like the car of Juggernaut, has crushed all that lay before it, has got its "steam up," and that, consequently, its power, as well as its propensity to advance, has indefinitely increased. From the Pacific Ocean, towards the East, the same irresistible power is in operation. The white man's face along both the continents which are bordered by the Pacific is directed towards those of his own race, who, as we have seen, are rapidly advancing towards him from the regions of the Atlantic; and whenever the triumphant moment of their collision arrive—whether the hands of the white men meet in friendship or in war—Where, we ask, will be the Indian race?—echo alone will answer "Where."—*Quarterly Review*, pp. 384.—418.

The Naturalist.

THE SCALE OF CREATION. NO. II.

The Mollusca, or Gelatinous Animals.

We now come to the Mollusca, or gelatinous animals, for with Goldfuss, Dumeril, and other eminent zoologists, we consider them to rank infinitely below the *annulosa*, or articulated animals, above which, Cuvier has placed them. It is the shell of these animals which is so universally admired for either elegance of form, contrast or harmony of colour, or beauty of sculpture. We reflect but little, when observing them on the mantel-piece, or in the cabinet, upon the varied nature of the functions of the animals that produce them, or in cases of great rarity, the profound abysses whence accident has cast them up to excite our admiration. For even the background of the picture of creation is, in its most hidden recesses, as perfectly elaborated as those groupings in its fore-ground, which are most obvious to the human eye and intellect. Hence, arises a question in our minds, whether man may justly arrogate to himself the entire dominion of which he boasts—if it be not from the intercalation of these obscure beings, as links of the great chain, and as chords of the general harmony? Some of these, as the argonauts, wing their light way, scudding, impelled by the current, or at will, before the breeze, upon the calm surface of the waves, or momentarily sinking at the approach of danger. Others are affixed to the solid rock, as the oyster, whence nothing but mechanical force can remove them, and others propel themselves by the sudden clapping of the valves of their shells together, and thus, by a sort of spring, effect their impression: whereas, the whole series of univalves and naked mollusca advance, as the common snail and slug, by the clinging of a muscular foot.

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Very many of this class are edible, and the pearl is the product of one.

Crustacea, or animals enveloped in a crust.

Proceeding onward, we arrive at the Crustacea, or animals enveloped in a crust, among which the lobster, and the crab, the crayfish, the shrimp, and the prawn, are, perhaps, the most attractive. The habits of many of them, are exceedingly curious, especially the migratory instinct of the several species of land crabs: and many of them diverge still further from their typical character of sea-animals, and actually ascend trees. For instance, that called the tree-lobster, which mounts the coconut palm for the sake of fruit. This class comprises an extensive host, as does also the next.

The Arachnoidea, or Spider-like animals.

With these, again we quit the water, as the chief receptacle of animated life, and although many of those we shall subsequently notice, inhabit it; yet, with the exception of the fishes, not one of which is known to inhabit the land, unless for a very brief period, we shall find that the preponderance of life is affixed to the land. Some of the spiders, we observe, launching their balloon into the wide welken, as aeronauts—others descending with their diving-bell beneath the waters—others, subterranean in their habitations, with superficial toils, spread to take their unwary prey; whilst others weave their elegant tissues, distended from spray to spray. Some are said to capture small birds, but this assertion admits of considerable doubt; and there are others, again, which leap like tigers, suddenly upon their ravin. Attempts have been made, but hitherto unsuccessfully, to apply their webs to useful purposes, although as objects of curiosity, gloves have been manufactured from them, and, we believe, in one instance, a lady's dress. But the scorpion, and the mites, or scari, are, perhaps, the most redoubtable to man: the first, by its venom, and the second, as being the cause of some of the most abhorrent of the diseases that attack the human race.

Insecta, or Insects.

The next class, the insects, presents an almost illimitable host, the most extensive, certainly, throughout the entire range of the animal kingdom, and, perhaps, also, the greatest wonders of all, from their remarkable metamorphoses, and in many cases, highly developed instincts. Among these, we find social tribes almost aping the polity of man, and none among the superiorly organized mammalia surpass them—not even the beaver—in this faculty. It is true, that in all the classes, we find many tribes, which are gregarious, but none are social. There are approximations, indeed, among the rooks, but with these solitary exceptions, the rest are heedful only of their own advantage, and do not labour in combination for the common weal. How va-

ried besides are their forms!—how splendid their colours! How variously useful are they to man, and yet how despised by the majority! Even the little silkworm gives employment, and, consequently, daily bread, to many millions of the human race, and how many others supply man with luxuries and necessities!

Pisces, or Fishes.

Let us pass onward, and observe the fish traversing the ocean in every possible direction, and in every imaginable form adapted to that element—some eccentric in the extreme, others as elegant, and all the most voracious of the animated creation; and, as a compensation, also the most prolific: for who shall calculate their myriads, perhaps, more numerous than the sands over which they swim! How noble a gift to man as articles of food, and upon which some tribes of savages exclusively exist! In size also, at least, in length, some of them, are, perhaps, the largest of animals. The accounts of their excessive longevity, are probably erroneous. The ring found in the gill of the pike, at Keiserslautern, if it was not an heirloom in the family of the fish, was a piece of chicanery practised by some interested party; for, is it credible, that it should have attained the age of nearly three hundred years! which is as monstrous as nineteen feet for the length of its body.

Arts and Sciences.

ROUND COLUMNS.*

"La colonne doit être ronde, parceque la Nature ne fait rien de quarré:—says the celebrated *Encyclopédie Methodique* under the article 'Architecture,' and can it be allowed to pass for argument! The same mode of reasoning might be employed to convince us that the surface of walls ought to be rugged, and floors uneven, *because* nature does not make the face of rocks perfectly smooth, nor the ground perfectly solid and level: or, again, that besides being round, columns ought to have a rough surface, resembling the bark of trees,—for we suppose it is to the stems of trees we must look for the prototype of the shaft of columns. Besides, if columns are to be made round *because* nature makes nothing square, would not that be an excellent reason for making the architrave round or cylindrical also, merely cutting away so much of the under surface at intervals as would be requisite for its resting firmly on the flat abaci of the capitals!

Now, the true reason why we make our columns round, is no other, than because others have invariably done so before us: for which, again, there may have been more than one reason, and among the rest, that of convenience, a circular shaft or pillar occupying less space than a square one of the same diameter,

* Condensed from Fasciculus XV. of *Candidus's Note-Book*, in No. XXXII. of the *Civil Engineer and Architects Journal*.

since the latter exceeds the former by the difference between the measure of its diagonals and its sides. Besides which, round pillars offer a greater contrast to walls and other flat surfaces, consequently tend to produce variety, while, at the same time, such form recommends itself as being, in some degree, more consonant to the prototype furnished by nature, in the stems of vegetables and trees, and more studied and artificial also—more *recherché* than the other. Yet, although example and habit alone, independently of other considerations, cause us to regard the circular form as the most suitable, as well as the most beautiful one for columns, it does not exactly follow that square ones are absurd—contrary to both beauty and reason—and that they ought never to be admitted at all. It is true, no authority for insulated pillars of such shape is to be met with in Grecian architecture; but then, neither does it supply us with precedents for antæ or pilasters, continued along the front of a building, and many other things, which are nevertheless practised without scruple, even where Greek architecture is professed to be closely followed. It is not, however, pretended that square columns are so well adapted as others for general purposes, but there certainly are cases in which they might be introduced both with propriety and effect, either by themselves, or in combination with circular ones, and either way would produce greater variety of design than can be obtained by restricting ourselves, on every occasion, to the use of all round columns. Would it not be advisable, and a good effect produced, if, supposing it necessary or desirable to have two insulated orders, one above the other, forming, for example, a lower and upper portico, that below might have square pillars, not mere piers, of the same diameter as the columns over them; whereby, not only would a monotonous repetition be avoided, but greater solidity would be obtained in the basement order?

SOLEMN THOUGHTS.

WELL, after all, life itself is but a dim prologue to that day of days, when the curtain of eternity will be lifted, and the "swelling act" begin! The thought is a deep one. Here we are begirt with mystery. The Past rises with its shadows, only to the eye of Imagination; of the Wrong that has flourished and been successful, we know not yet the destiny: of the Right that has suffered, in weariness and painfulness, we know not the reward. Who shall unravel the marvel, or dispel the illusion? Of the events which happened, reader, when we were yet "in the dark night of our fore-beings," or over the stars, or the moon walking in brightness,—or the sun—glorious shadow and faint type of God!—had touched our mortal vision, who sha'll tell! The time gone is a dream—the time to come unknown.

Truly did one of yore say, as he discoursed of sepulchral mementos, and turned his thoughts to the lofty structures of Egyptian ambition: "Time sadly overcometh all things, and is now dominant, and sitteth upon a Sphinx, and looketh unto Memphis and old Thebes; while his sister, Oblivion, reelineth semi-somnolent on a pyramid, making puzzles of Titanian erections, and turning old glories into dreams. History sinketh beneath her cloud. The traveller, as he paceth amazedly through those deserts, asketh of her, who builded them? and she mumbleth something, but what it is he heareth not!" Thus it is, that the position of our being defies all primary or ultimate inquiry. If we look back, there is a point where knowledge fades into conjecture; if onward, we stand upon the border of a sea which has but one shore, and whose heavings beyond are infinite and eternal! Of what avail is it, then, that we bend over the lore of antiquity, or wax pale over the lamp of midnight—that we walk in the fields, catching the faint utterance of the voice of God! We spend our strength for nought; the clouds roll with an uncomprehended impulse; the wave heaves, the verdure brightens, the wind turneth in its circuits—but what are we? We drink the sunshine and the breeze: passions warm us—doubt overshadows—hope inspires—fear haunts us: but we are still in mystery. Pleasure and pain are equally uncertain; the morrow is in a mist, and yesterday is nothing. Our friends die—God changes their countenance, and takes them away—and where is the balm for so bitter a sting! It is to consider the earth as no abiding place; to rely on a power beyond our own; to disdain the sneer of the bigot, the hot language of the zealot, and to cherish in one's heart of hearts, that essence of the beatitudes—the Religion of Life.

A MILITARY DISPATCH ON A SHAVEN HEAD.

HERODOTUS, in the 35th chapter of the 5th book states that, during the revolt of the Ionians against the Persians, conducted by Aristagoras and Hystæus, that the latter of the leaders, wishing to send a messenger to Aristagoras, and knowing that all the passes and roads leading to Ionia were well guarded, he shaved the head of one of his most faithful servants, and imprinted his message on his head, and kept him at Susa till his hair grew again. He then sent him to Miletus with the instructions that, on his arrival there, he should desire Aristagoras to cut off his hair, and examine his head for the message of which he was the bearer.

It is rather difficult to conceive how the message could be impressed on the *caput* of the worthy servant; there is some ingenuity, however, in this mode of baffling an enemy, and preventing him from obtaining dispatches.

D. L.

THE ESTATE OF A BENEDICT.

New Books.

Some suppose that the estate of a Benedict forbiddeth the resident therein to disport himself as aforesometimes, in the flowery fields of fancy, and to rove at random through the remembered groves of the academy, or the rich gardens of imaginative delight. Verily, this is not so. To the right-minded man, all these enjoyments are increased; the ties that bind him to earth are strengthened and multiplied; he anticipates new affections and pleasures, which your cold individual, careering *sotus* through a vale of tears, with no one to share with him his *gouts* of optical salt water, wots not of. As a beloved friend once said to me: "When a man weds, as when he dies, angels lead his spirit into a quiet land, full of holiness and peace—full of all pleasant sights, and 'beautiful exceedingly!'" One's dreams may not be realized, for *dreams* never are; but the reality will differ from, and be a thousand-fold sweeter than any dreams—those shadowy and impalpable entities, that flit over the twilight of the soul, after the sun of judgment has set. I never hear of a friend having accomplished hymenization, without sending after him a world of good wishes and honest prayers. Amid the ambition, the selfishness, the heartless jostling with the world, which every son of Adam is obliged more or less to encounter, it is no common blessing to retire therefrom into the calm recesses of domestic existence, and to feel around your temples the airs that are wafted from fragrant wings of the Spirit of Peace, soft as the breath which curled the crystal light

"Of Zion's fountains,
When love, and hope, and joy were hers,
And beautiful upon her mountains,
The feet of angel messengers."

No common boon is it—we speak in the rich sentence of a German writer—to enjoy "a look into a pure loving eye; a word without falseness from a bride without guile; and close beside you, in the still-watches of the night, a soft-breathing breast, in which there is nothing but paradise, a sermon, and a midnight prayer!"

VALIANT ARGYLE!

At the siege of Mars, during the glorious career of Marlborough, the Duke of Argyle joined an attacking corps, when it was just about to shrink from the contest, and, rushing among them with his breast bare, exclaimed: "You see brothers, that I have no concealed armour: I am equally exposed with you, I require none to go where I shall refuse to venture. Remember you fight for the liberties of Europe, and the glory of your nation, and shall never suffer by my behaviour, and I hope the character of a Briton as dear to every one of you." The soldiers were roused, the assault made, and the work carried.

Glencoe; or the Fate of the Macdonalds.
A Tragedy, in Five Acts. [Moxon.]

[HERE are the old harmonies of Ion renewed. In these days of literary dearth, Sergeant Talfourd's writings come like heaven-sent manna: they are compositions pure and chaste, even as the icicles on Dian's Temple: they are of the stuff by which the men of old time got their immortality, and to whom Fame set up her starry-pointing pyramids.

Beautiful is the Flower of Love in this tragedy: fulsome in bloom for a time, but how cruelly cut down!

Helen Campbell, an orphan, protected by the house of Macdonald, is the maid beloved. Halbert, a solemn and noble youth, loves her from the depths of his heart, for with her he has grown up from childhood in intimate companionship. With his high heart and manly arm he has ever hovered round her paths—has sheltered—shielded—nay even saved her from destruction, when once it threatened her. Yet he never breathed his love, but kept it like a vestal fire, burning strongly and serenely in his breast, confident that—greater than gratitude—equal love filled his Helen's bosom. But Halbert had a brother—not like him a stern, lofty-minded clansman, but one who, parting from home young, entered Royalist ranks, and now, when soldiery honours crowd upon him, returns in visitation of his early home. To him Helen transfers her love!

Reserving general remarks on the play and plot, we proceed at once to trace the links of this golden love-chain.]

His Mother's delight at his (Henry's,) Return.

I shall behold
A hero whom I wanted from a child;
Trace in his lineaments the hints which gave
Sweet promise of his manhood; shall enjoy
In one rich hour the pleasures which are spread
Through years to her who watches the degrees
Of youth's expanding brightness. Where is Halbert?
Where Helen? She will laugh with wildest glee
To find her little playmate a plumed soldier,
And share his mirth.

[Helen does see him, and speedy change takes place in her department: she who made "the echoes laugh," becomes pensive and lonely. "Helen, you droop and sigh," says the kind lady, "does any secret grief afflict you?"

Grief, madam! 'Tis the pensiveness of joy,
Too deep for language, too serene for mirth,
Makes me seem sad. To meet in manhood's bloom
The gentle playmate of my childhood; prop'd
On the same arm to tread the same wild paths;
And in sweet fellowship of memories, feel
Hour after hour of long-forgotten pleasure
Start forth in sunny vividness to break
The mist of heavy years,—is joy so hearted,
That it can find no colour in the range
Of gladness to express it;—so accepts
A solemn hue from grief.

[A beautiful evasion: but, alas! Love is a tell-tale, and so the next sentence manifests:—]

Helen. When with Henry, I recall old times,
I look across the intervening years
As a low vale in which fair pastures lie
Unseen, to gaze upon a sunlit bank
On which my childhood sported, and which grows
Near as I watch it.

[Halbert about this time determines to ask the hand of Helen : for bands of soldiery having arrived in their glen, behoves him to take her closer to his heart, and more securely shield its lovely orphan. On this sweet theme—a theme of marriage—he hastens to speak to his mother—for the faith of long years, alas! to be suddenly upset by doubt.]

Lady Macdonald. My son,

Are you assured she loves you?

Halbert. As assured
As of my love for her. In both, one wish,
As she has glided into womanhood,
Has grown with equal progress.

Lady Macdonald. Have you sought
Of her, if she esteems it thus?

Halbert. By words?
No; for I never doubted it; as soon
Should I have asked you if a mother's love
Watch'd o'er my nature's frailties. If sweet hopes
Dawning at once on each; if gentle strives
To be the yielder of each little joy
Which chance provided; if her looks upraised
In tearful thankfulness for each small boon
Which, nothing to the giver, seem'd excess
To her; if poverty endured for years
Together in this valley,—do not breathe
Of mutual love, I have no stronger proofs
To warrant my assurance.

Lady Macdonald. I fancied that she loved you.

Halbert. Fancied! Good mother, is that emptiest

sound
The comfort that you offer? Is my heart
Fit sport for fancy? Fancied!—'twas as clear
As it were written in the book of God
By a celestial penman. Answer me,
Once more! when hurricanes have rock'd these walls,
And dash'd upon our wondering ears the roar
Of the far sea, exulting that its wastes
Were populous with agonies; with loves
Strongest in death; with memories of long years
Grey phantoms of an instant;—as my arms
Enfolding each, grew tighter with the sense
Of feebleness to save;—have you not known
Her looks, beyond the power of language, speak
In resolute content, how sweet it were
To die so link'd together?

[At this agitating moment, when long love is uprooted in an instant, Lady Macdonald communicates to him her impressions. She begs him "be firm—she loves another!"—and who this "other?"—Henry! Has the pomp of martial red and its gilded appanages so soon won over the sweet girl's heart?—is it really, truly so?]

Halbert. Are you assured she loves him?

It may be but a girlish dream,—her eye
Enchanted for a moment by the grace
Of youth—her fancy dazzled by the show
Of military prowess,—while her soul
In its serene and inmost temple waits
Untouch'd and true. 'Tis so.

[Ah! disappointed love is ever ready to lay some such "flattering unction to its soul." Halbert now resolves on an interview personally with Helen, and so hear from her own lips, the sentiments of her own heart. This is an exquisitely delicate scene.]

Halbert. Helen, no—
It is a dream; your heart is mine; mine only,—
I'll read it here; you have not pledged its faith
To—any other?

Helen. No;—not yet.

Halbert. Thank God!—

Then you are mine; we have been betrothed for years.

Helen. Would it had been so!

Halbert. You desire it? Yes;

Helen.

I then had kept such watch upon my soul,
As had not let the shadow of a thought
Fall on your image there; but not a word
Of courtship pass'd between us.

Halbert. Not a word.
Words are for lighter loves, that spread their films
Of glossy threads, which while the air's serene
Hang gracefully, and sparkle in the sun
Of fortune, or reflect the fainter beams
Which moonlight fancy sheds:—but ours—yes, ours!—
Was woven with the toughest yarn of life,
For it was blended with the noblest things
We lived for; with the majesties of old,
The sable train of mighty griefs o'erstretch'd
By Time's deep shadows; with the fate of kings,—
A glorious dynasty—for ever crush'd
With the great sentiments which made them strong
In the affections of mankind;—with grief
For rock-enthroned Scotland; with poor fortune
Shared cheerfully; with high resolves; with thoughts
Of death; and with the hopes that cannot die.

Helen. What shall I do?

Halbert. Hear me while I invoke
The spirit of one moment to attest,
In the great eye of love-approving Heaven,
We are each other's. When a fragile bark
Convey'd our little household to portage
The blessing that yet lingers o'er the shrine
Of desolate Iona, the faint breath
Of evening wafted us through cluster'd piles
Of gently-moulded columns, which the sea—
Softening from t'ndrest green to foam more white
Than snow-wreaths on a marble ridge—illum'd
As 'twould dissolve and win them:—till a cave,
The glorious work of angel architects
Sent on commission to the sacred isle,
From which, as from a fountain, God's own light
Stream'd o'er dark Europe—in its fretted span
Embraced us.—Pedestals of glistening black
Rose, as if waiting for the airy tread
Of some enraptured seraph who might pause,
To see blue Ocean through the sculptured ribs
Of the tall archway's curve, delight to lend
His vastness to the lovely. We were charm'd,
Not awe-struck;—for The Beautiful was there
Triumphant in its palace. As we gaz'd
Rapt and enamour'd, our small vessel struck
The cavern's side, and by a shock which seem'd
The last that we should suffer, you were thrown
Upon my neck—You clasp'd me then;—and shared
One thought of love and heaven!

Helen. Am I indeed
Faithless, yet knew it not? my soul's perplex'd;—
Distracted. Whither shall it turn?—To you!—
Be you its arbiter. Of you I ask,
In your own clear simplicity of heart,
Did you believe me yours?

Halbert. Yes; and you are;

With this sweet token I assure you mine,
[Places a ring on her finger.]

In sight of angels. Bless you!
Helen. It is done,—
I dare not, cannot, tear this ring away.

[Mournful love is this: the deep affections of Helen's bosom are divided on both—Halbert and Henry: and in this conflict duty must prove stronger than love. But she pines—pines like a stricken flower, which no "fragrancy of water" can revive.]

Halbert. Is she so pensive still!
Lady Macdonald. Alas! in vain
I watch to see some gleam of pleasure light
Her mournful eyes. Save that her fingers ply
The needle constantly, as if they wrought
From habit of sweet motion, you might doubt
If in her statue-like and silent beauty
The life of this world stirr'd.

Halbert. I can bear to ask you now,
If any change in Helen raises doubt.

Lady Macdonald. No,—she scarcely raised
Her head, until her work—a bridal robe—

Hung dazzling on her arm; as then she sought
Her chamber, I impress'd one solemn kiss
Upon her icy brow: then as aroused
From stupor by poor sympathy, she threw
Her arms around my neck; and whispering low,
But piercingly, conjured me to keep watch
Upon her thoughts, lest one erring wish
Should rise to mar her duty to her lord.

[Halbert's noble heart is rent at this: not for himself, but for his poor dear Helen. He resolves—resolves with a magnanimity mighty as a God's—to give up his own prospects, hopes, aye, everything, solely to bless her. The day of marriage-solemnization arrives: Henry acts as bridesman—at that eventful moment, when, those "whom God joins, no man may put asunder"—Halbert takes off the ring of betrothal from her hand, and thrusts it on Henry's, who stands abstracted with wonder.]

Helen, (sinking on her knees before Halbert.)
Heaven bless you—bless you!

Solitary Moments; or Poems on various Subjects and Occasions. By Edward Hoare. [Longman and Co.]

[POETRY should ever be the handmaiden to Virtue; but writers of even later date than Johannes Secundus, seem to have thought far otherwise. In the lines of delicious Love-songs, are the pernicious sentiments of some poets conveyed, like basilisks that lurk within flowers; and youthful minds, cloyed with their melody of rhythm or lusciousness of expression, imbibe, unawares, an insidious poison. So the author of these "Solitary Moments," having got by heart the more amatory effusions of "Mr. Little," consequently vies with him in the same noxious subtleties of verse. But one instance even surpasses "Little!"—let him turn to p. 23 of his book—proh pudor! blush, and blot it out, Sir.

We observe this rather in sorrow than in anger, for the author,—of good and respectable connexion,—is evidently capable of finer feelings. He loves to dwell upon his religion, his friends, the associations of his boyhood, and the kindlier attachments of home and kindred; and if his poetry be imperfect, his heart is right at the bottom, as these single verses will in part bear witness:—]

Perishability of Beauty.

Such is Beauty!—ah! short-liv'd, fleeting:—
Can we then true Beauty find?—
Oh! yes! there's a lasting Beauty:
'Tis the Beauty of the mind!

Esmeralda, the Green Isle.

Amidst my native mountains,
Amidst my native dells,
Green fields, and flowing fountains,
My heart for ever dwells;
Where'er my footsteps wander,
Whatever realms I see;
They only make me fonder,
Old Ireland, of thee!

My harp, my bosom's treasure,
That cheer'd me from a child,
First woke its magic measure,
Among thy woodlands wild;
And Beauty glow'd and glisten'd,
Like starlight in the sea,
Beside me as they listen'd,
Old Ireland, in thee!

A Mother's Guardian Care.

O! yes! I well remember! aye, too well, thy sweetest voice,
Thy fond instructions, which oft made this happy heart rejoice;
All thy dear kindness; mother's love; reproofs so gently giv'n;
And all, that leads to virtue here: hereafter, unto Heaven

[To those maternal admonitions, still stored up in a not forgetful son's memory, let that son attend; abandoning all inferior thought, let him cling fast to a certain "high-mindedness," of which he is evidently susceptible; so will the days of his youth be honoured by the applause of the wise, and by the just approval of his own conscience.]

PERFUMED SOAPS FOR THE TOILET.

THE most fashionable toilet soaps are, the Rose, the Bouquet, the Cinnamon, the Orange-flower, the Musk, and the bitter Almond or Peach-Blossom.

Soap à la Rose.—This is made of the following ingredients:—30 pounds of olive-oil soap; 20 of good tallow-soap. When the mass is sufficiently liquefied, 1½ ounces of finely-ground vermilion are to be introduced, and thoroughly mixed; and when the heat is taken off the pan, the following perfumes are added with due trituration:—3 ounces of essence of rose; 1 ditto cloves; 1 ditto cinnamon; 2½ ditto bergamot;=7½.

By judicious admixture of these, a soap is obtained, perfect in every point of view; possessing a delicious fragrance, equally rich and agreeable, a beautiful roseate hue, and the softest detergent qualities, which keeping cannot impair.*

Soap au Bouquet.—30 pounds of good tallow soap; 4 ounces of essence of bergamot; oil of cloves, sassafras, and thyme, 1 ounce each; neroli, ½ ounce. The colour is given with 7 ounces of brown ochre.

Cinnamon Soap.—30 pounds of good tallow-soap; 20 ditto of palm-oil soap. Perfumes:—7 ounces of essence of cinnamon; 1½ ditto sassafras; 1½ ditto bergamot. Colour:—1 pound of yellow ochre.

Orange-flower Soap.—30 pounds of good tallow-soap; 20 ditto palm-oil soap. Perfumes:—7½ ounces essence of Portugal; 7½ ditto amber. Colour:—9½ ounces, consisting of 8½ of a yellow-green pigment, and 1½ of red lead.

Musk Soap.—30 pounds of good tallow-soap; 20 ditto of palm-oil soap. Perfumes:—Powder of cloves, of pale roses, gilliflower, each 4½ ounces; essence of bergamot, and essence of musk, each 3½ ounces. Colour:—4 ounces of brown ochre, or Spanish brown.

Bitter-almond Soap.—Is made by compounding with 50 pounds of the best white soap, 10 ounces of the essence of bitter almonds.

* Dr. Ure's Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines.

The Gatherer.

March of America.—In Europe, people talk a great deal of the wilds of America, but the Americans themselves never think about them. . . . Their eyes are fixed upon another sight: the American people views its own march across the wilds—drying swamps, turning the course of rivers, peopling solitudes, and subduing nature. The magnificent image of themselves, does not meet the gaze of the Americans at intervals only: it may be said to haunt every one of them in his least as well as his most important actions, and to be always flitting before his mind.—*M. de Tocqueville's Democracy in America.*

Annot Lyle.—The inmate of Darnlivarach! whose young loveliness and music gave to that rude house, such a redeeming grace and beauty, as the naked rock receives from the tuft of flowers, whose seed has been nixed in its cleft by some passing wind.

Sir Sidney Smith.—Another of England's invincible warriors—the immortal hero of Acre, Sir SIDNEY SMITH,—the bravest of the brave—has lately closed his earthly career in Paris. A memoir of this celebrated commander will be given in a future number.

Prince Charles's Gun.—At Auchnacarry, an obliging English game-keeper, recently imported from "*Coomberland*," showed us Prince Charles's gun, a remarkably long, overgrown-looking implement, for which he evidently entertained considerable contempt; and perhaps, Mantou might have suggested some improvement. It is double-barrelled, with one lock, and bears a Latin inscription, recommending us not to sink under our misfortunes, but to struggle against them.—*Scotland and the Scotch.*

The philosophical jest, which represents the soul as gradually mounting, with the advance of a man's life, from the feet to the head, might also be applied to nations. Among those honest South-sea islanders, who call their thoughts "words in their belly," it is still lying very low down.—*Schlegel.*

Fioretta, an auburn-tressed girl, wearing round her shoulders a gorgeous wreath of flowers; beautiful in her young loveliness and delicate colour.

When one of Alexander's visits to Warsaw was announced, there was not time to clear the streets of a quantity of mud which had been scraped in heaps. The police (Russians) ordered the windows on the ground-floor of the houses in these streets to be opened, and threw the mud into the rooms!—*Gleanings from the Note-Book of a Northern Traveller.*

Massacre of the Innocents at Paris.—At the theatre *La Gaité*, a very odd piece has been produced, called "*Le Massacre des Innocens*." They call it a biblical drama. Herod is a human monster. The great scene, of

course, is that in which the innocents are massacred, and this is managed in a manner novel, if not clever. The children are made of —*india-rubber*! When they are cast out of the windows, and from the house-tops, these caoutchouc puppets rebound from the stage, and this elasticity is intended to represent the convulsive movements of their agony. They continue popping about for at least half an hour.

The dust and cobwebs of Time, the student is ever willing to remove, for the purpose of getting at the old spiritualities that lie beneath that covering.

The Abbot Robert d'Etalan "waged war with the inhabitants of Quillebœuf during many years," the object of contention being neither more nor less than a sturgeon!—*Mr. Trollope's Summer in Brittany.*

Convert to Idolatry!—How strange that a man, (I do not recollect his name) a British officer of rank, some time since, abjured his own most beautiful religion, and actually "proclaimed it on the house-tops," that he was a convert to the Hindoo one, by erecting a house on the top of an adjacent and most conspicuous hill, to which he was accustomed daily to proceed, in order to (poojar kar) pray to Hunoman, the monkey-god, Ganes, the elephant-god, and such other worthies, instead of his own beneficent Redeemer.—*A Palanquin Trip to Saugur, in Central India.—India Review*, vol. iv., no. XLIV.

The manufacture of ribbons and laces was the first branch of the silk trade established in England as early as the reign of Henry VI.

The size of London.—It is stated that London contains upwards of 160,000 houses; that it has from 7,000 to 7,100 streets, and that it extends over more than 3,000 acres. It is supposed to be 25 miles in circumference; and has a population of 1,200,000, which is yearly increasing.

Up the valley of the Nile, is the architecture of the eldest-born of nations, with the varied colours upon it which three thousand years have not been able to remove—Architecture, when it seems to have been in its grand infancy among the rocks of Nubia, when the art of uniting stone to stone was unknown, and the architect mined his work out of a whole hill; leaving, as he shaped his temple, colossal gods to uphold the roof, and sculptures to relate its use and history.

Marriage is to a certain extent a preventative of suicide; it has been satisfactorily established, that, among the men, two-thirds who destroy themselves are bachelors.—*Winslow on Suicide.*

The parable of Pythagoras, "*Cor ne edito*," is dark, but true—eat not the heart.

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